his currants, the draper measured out his broad-cloth, the hum of buyers and sellers was as loud as ever in the towns, the harvest-time was celebrated as joyously as ever in the hamlets, the cream overflowed the pails of Cheshire, the apple juice foamed in the presses of Herefordshire, the piles of crockery glowed in the furnaces of the Trent, and the barrows of coal rolled fast along the timber railways of the Tyne. But when the great instrument of exchange became thoroughly deranged, all trade, all industry, were smitten as with a palsy. . . . Nothing could be purchased without a dispute. Over every counter there was wrangling from morning to night. The workman and his employer had a quarrel as regularly as the Saturday came round. On a fair-day or a market-day the clamours, the reproaches, the taunts, the curses, were incessant; and it was well if no booth was overturned, and *no* head broken. . . . The price of the necessaries of life, of shoes, of ale, of oatmeal, rose fast. The labourer found that the bit of metal which, when he received it was called a shilling, would hardly, when he wanted to purchase a pot of beer or a loaf of rye bread, go as far as sixpence."

From some of the evils thus dazzlingly described we are happily free in these times. We are not cursed with a currency composed of coins which are good, bad and indifferent, with the

result that the public gets the bad and indifferent while the nimble bullion dealers absorb and export the good, There is nothing to choose between one piece of paper and another, and all that is wrong with them